

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

DURING the autumn of 1798 I had occasion to travel, with my friend Harvey, through some of the western districts of Scotland. One evening, after a fatiguing walk, we reached a little village, where we intended to remain for the night. It was pleasantly situated on an eminence, overlooking a glen, through the wooded bottom of which a clear silver stream appeared winding on to the sea. The houses, which were mostly thatched, were built in a straggling manner, interspersed with trees and gardens and small rustic enclosures, and possessed, upon the whole, a greater air of comfort and neatness than is usual in our Scottish villages. Having taken some refreshment at the only inn the place afforded, and made such arrangements with the landlord, as were necessary for our accommodation, we again sallied out to enjoy the beauties of the evening, which was one of the finest I ever remember to have seen.

The air was of that thin and pure translucency which has been remarked as peculiar to the autumnal season, and its balmy coolness, as it fanned our faces, was delightfully refreshing, after the hot and fatiguing labours of the day. The sky was without a cloud, except a few of pale and fleecy appearance which hovered over our heads; and others, whose broken though well-defined lines seemed to stretch like the bars of a furnace, across the glowing west. The hills of the Highlands rose one above another, with various shades and hues as they receded from the eye, and were lost in the obscurity of distance. Those which approached nearest to the spectator, and whose irregular ridges partly concealed their gigantic brethren, was invested with the rich purple tint of the heather which then flowed profusely on their bosoms, and seemed, while gleaming under a brilliant sky, to emulate the fairy colouring of the rainbow. The more distant summits were of an unmixed blue, successively becoming paler and paler, till their remote outline almost eluded the eye, and appeared only like dim and unsubstantial vapour, faintly traced on the horizon.

Our steps insensibly led us towards a rising ground, at some little distance from the village, where the roofless and weather-beaten walls of an ancient monastic-looking building appeared towering from behind some old fir and yew trees, whose ponderous trunks seemed to have stood there for centuries. An air of deep repose and desertedness hung over this spot, and contrasted well with the gay and animated appearance of the village-green, where groups of noisy and happy children had just begun their evening game. It was a building of no ordinary extent, and must have been, while entire, a place of great splendour and magnificence. Its ample area was now occupied as a receptacle for the village dead; where the remains of many a lowly and unambitious peasant mingled un-

consciously with the ashes of abbots, warriors, and kings. Some wild fruit-trees grew up among the tombs, thrusting in several places their long green arms through the lofty Gothic windows; while the grass and shrubs, which waved on the ruined walls and mouldering arches, betokened the triumph of decay, and showed how quickly nature was reclaiming to her bosom the vain creation of man. Fragments of pillars and cornices, richly carved, but green with the moss of age, lay strewn about the ground, while those which still preserved their original situations seemed every moment to threaten a similar overthrow. The silence and loneliness which reigned around us, as we walked through the long rank herbage, growing profusely over the tombstones and headstones, with which the ground was sprinkled, did not fail to produce in our minds corresponding impressions of melancholy and gloom;—and so long did we yield to the indulgence of these sweet though painful feelings, that darkness had gathered over the hills, and the deep blue sky had become thickly studded with stars, before we returned to the village.

During the remainder of the evening, Harvey continued thoughtful and dejected—a circumstance which, though disregarded at the time, was forcibly recalled to my remembrance by the events which afterwards happened. His mind seemed to brood over the scenes we had just quitted, and all my endeavours to dissipate his melancholy, or divert his thoughts to any other subject, proved unavailing. As sleep seemed necessary to recruit his wasted spirits, we parted at an early hour, and retired to repose.

In the morning I was awakened by my companion, according to agreement,—he was already equipped for travelling, and seemed to have recovered his wonted cheerfulness. "It is five o'clock," said he, "and a fine morning going to break." My preparations for the road were easily made, and in a short time we were out of doors.

A thick mist, like a sea, now floated through the valley, obscuring the mountains beyond, which had the evening before formed such a prominent part of the picture. The full moon occupied the sky, and shed its broad and yellow light on the silent village, which seemed to sleep in perfect peace and tranquillity. As I was a stranger to the road we intended to take, I trusted myself entirely to the guidance of my friend; but we had not proceeded far till I discovered, with a mixture of fear and astonishment, that we were again approaching the old abbey. I inquired whether our way lay in this direction, but receiving no reply, I then, for the first time, looked full in the face of my companion, and saw a sight which I cannot yet recollect without horror. His eyes were fixed and staring fearfully, and his whole countenance, as the moon-beam fell upon it, had an expression of vacant wildness almost unearthly. I stood hesitating for some moments, not knowing what to do—but at length I endeavoured to persuade him to return with me to the village. He gazed on me for a while, as if totally unconscious of my meaning, and then, after making some uncouth gestures, and pointing several times towards the sky, he took hold

of my arm, and hurried me forcibly forward into the ruins. It was in vain to resist—he was naturally much more vigorous than I, and at that moment I felt as if in the grasp of a giant. He locked the gate, and threw the key, with great violence, over a broken part of the wall—and then sat down composedly on a tombstone, and appeared as if lost in profound meditation.

After recollecting myself for a few minutes, I began to conjecture that he was asleep, and that he had left his bed and conducted me hither under the delusion of some frightful dream, to which the walk of the evening had probably given rise. With this idea, I made every effort to awaken him—repeating his name aloud—twisting him by the elbow—and beating the palms of his hands—but without effect; he still maintained the same attitude, and the same ghastly expression of countenance. I now became greatly alarmed, and conceiving that his fit was the forerunner of death, and that he might expire at my side before I could procure him any assistance, I looked anxiously round the walls for a gap or other means of escape, and laboured vainly and ineffectually, by climbing and scrambling, to reach the old Gothic windows. Foiled in all my attempts, I sat down beside my friend, keeping my eyes intently fixed on the eastern quarter of the heavens, and comforting myself that morning was not far distant. The venerable objects around me were still involved in darkness, rendered more sombre and gloomy by the dusky foliage which encircled them—and the death-like repose of the scene was scarcely interrupted by the boom of the night-beetle, or the melancholy cry of the owl from the mouldering walls.

After I had remained a considerable time in this situation, the clock attached to the ruins struck the hour of one!—the sound fell cold on my heart, and I felt as if I had been smote by an invisible hand. Harvey seemed to listen for a moment, when starting up, he exclaimed wildly, "It is the hour! It is the hour!" and seizing me by the shoulder, hurried me, with incredible swiftness, through the burying-ground. A cold sweat broke on my forehead, as I stumbled along over the tombstones, and listened to the dull ringing of our footsteps on the hollow ground. I know not how long I was dragged in this manner, backwards and forwards, but at length my limbs failed me, and I sunk down exhausted on the turf. My situation was alarming in the extreme. Shut up in a lonely and desolate place, from whence there was no escape, and where no human assistance could be expected. I was at the mercy of a man who seemed possessed with a sudden and outrageous madness, and who for aught I knew, might every moment become my murderer. I lay stretched out on the cold damp clay, as if to take the measure of a grave; and such was my alarm and consternation that I was for some moments unable to move.

When I lifted my head I discovered that Harvey was gone, but I thought I saw something stir near the place where he had stood;—although after gazing earnestly for a moment, I was convinced I had been deceived. I turned round to look for my companion, but he was nowhere to be seen, and I found myself

alone in that fearful place. Again my eyes were caught by the motion of something near me, and almost lifeless with terror, I beheld a human figure standing at my side. It was like the shadow of a man as seen on smoke or mist, and it had a kind of flickering and unstable motion, which would have prevented me from noting its parts particularly, even though I had been in the full-possession of my senses. I perfectly recollect that its arms were stretched out, as in the attitude of entreaty; though I am not sensible that I heard the slightest sound. A strong conviction possessed me that what I looked on was a spirit—and the agony I endured is indescribable. In a moment it seemed as if I was pervaded by that mysterious presence—I felt it cold on my face and hands, and my ears rung as with the noise of a very high wind. I think at this time I must have fallen into a swoon, as I recollect nothing more till I found myself on my feet, and at some distance from the spot.

Harvey was again standing beside me, looking wildly towards a particular part of the ruin, which lay in deep shadow, and waving his hand as if beckoning somebody to approach; at the same time muttering something between his teeth, which I could not understand. The idea now forcibly entered my mind, that my companion had died during the night, and that it was his corpse possessed by an evil spirit which now stood before me,—and a fiendish glance which he darted towards me at this moment confirmed my suspicions. Distracted with this horrible thought, I endeavoured to run from him; but he prevented me, and shook and twisted my arms till they were almost disjointed, grinning and gibbering; at the same time, most hideously. He then attempted to strangle me by fixing his fingers round my throat—but I made a desperate effort, and released myself from his grasp. Something which now passed over the burying-ground like a cloud, seemed to attract his attention;—he uttered dreadful yells, and following it, plunged into the gloom where it had disappeared.

As I now considered myself in the power of a malicious demon, my terror and desire of escape increased my strength tenfold. I flew towards a broken part of the wall, and fixing my fingers and toes in the interstices between the mouldering stones, I strove in desperation to climb to the top. Several times I had nearly reached the summit, when the crumbling fragments gave way, and I was precipitated to the bottom. I struggled till my hands were full of blood, and my body covered with bruises, and then being completely exhausted, I stretched myself out among the long dewy grass, praying earnestly that I might die and be released from the agony I was enduring. I cannot account for the horrible frenzy which at this time possessed me, unless I could believe it arose from the wild and unearthly visitation I had experienced. Long troops of dim figures seemed to pass slowly and silently before my eyes; but I looked on them with composure, and with that feeling which a man sometimes enjoys in a dream, when he is conscious that it is but a dream. I felt that my mind was gradually growing weaker and weaker, and the prospect of becoming totally mad, I well remember, pro-

duced in me a strange kind of pleasure. Sometimes I thought that I was dreaming; and then I made violent and convulsive exertions to awaken myself—and sometimes I thought that I had been deserted by God and man, and left to be tormented by furies and evil spirits—or that I was dead, and had already reached the place of eternal punishment.

I now began to shriek and scream as loud as I could, clapping my hands, and beating my head against the ground with great violence. I then sung and wept by turns, and rolled and tumbled myself to and fro among the tombstones, like a maniac; uttering at one moment the most tremendous curses against myself, my friend, and the whole human race; and at another beseeching the dead and mouldering tenants of the graves to rise up and put an end to my misery. Recollecting a penknife which I had in my pocket, I drew it out, and made a desperate stab at my heart; but the blade struck against the ground and broke in two. With the portion which I held in my hand I endeavoured to pierce my throat, but failing also in that, I drew it repeatedly across my face, lacerating my cheeks and brow in a most frightful manner. Mad as these actions were, I still retained, at intervals, a perfect sense of my own situation, and of the circumstances which had led to it. I called upon Harvey loudly and often—accusing him of being my betrayer and murderer, and devoting him to everlasting destruction. At length seeing him approach, I staggered towards him, and seizing him with both hands, a desperate struggle ensued. Surely it would have been a terrifying sight, had any human eye beheld us at that moment—two fiend-like beings grappling and tearing each other, over the graves of the dead, among lonely and midnight ruins. We strove and struggled long and violently, sometimes standing and sometimes rolling along the ground. Despair and revenge gave me strength—and it seemed as if I contended both for body and soul. At length, however, my exhausted frame gave way, and I sunk before my tormentor.

Whether he carried me in his arms, or dragged me along the ground, I know not—but I experienced a feeling of motion; and shortly after I found myself tumble into a deep pit or cavity. It was an open grave;—and the moon which shone on its edge disclosed the brown bones and rotten coffin-wood, with which the clay was mingled. I threw myself wildly on my face, biting and champing the dust with my teeth, and tearing up with my hands, the skulls and other mouldering remains of humanity which reposed around me. At this moment, I believe, I endured as great and exquisite agony as human nature is capable of supporting: my whole body was distorted with the most terrible convulsions—the worms of death seemed to penetrate and crawl into my very soul—and I felt as if I had become a living and immortal mass of corruption and decay. Hideous shapes, and among them the resemblance of my friend, seemed to stand around the margin of the grave, grinning and shouting, and throwing down upon my face the cold and clammy mould. And then it was, as I think, that I became completely delirious, for the remainder of that night of horrible and varied suffering is to me an utter blank. True it is, my memory does retain other fearful and dream-like recollections of that adventure, but they are so wild and indefinite, and so like the perceptions of an unknown and mysterious sense, that I can neither understand them myself, nor find words to describe them to others.

When reason gradually began to dawn on me I found myself in bed—attended by strangers, and my friend Harvey standing beside me. I had, for a fortnight, been labouring under a violent delirious fever, which had nearly ended in death, and

from the effects of which I was then slowly recovering. Many days past before I could recollect distinctly the circumstances I have now related. The whole at first appeared a terrible and indistinct dream, which I strove in vain to remember or comprehend. By degrees, however, it was clearly disclosed to my mind, in all its fearful details—yet scarcely could I believe that such things had happened, even while I looked on the wounds and lacerations of my own emaciated body, and listened to the words of the villagers, who had conveyed my friend and myself from the ghastly ruins.

It appeared that Harvey, during the whole of that night, had been in a deep sleep; and perfectly unconscious of having left his bed, or of any of the events which had taken place. He retained only a dim and confused recollection of some terrible pain and oppression which he had endured—and of the visitations of certain wild and fearful beings, the nature of which, however, he could not distinctly explain.

DORIA AND ACHMET; A VENETIAN TALE.

In one of those memorable battles fought between the Turks and the Venetians, Doria Cenami, a young and noble Venetian, of singular bravery and conduct, was made prisoner.—He was confined by the infidels in a loathsome dungeon, where he remained in hourly expectation of death, which his misfortunes rendered infinitely more desirable than life. Yet Doria bore all with a constancy of mind, which the instability of fortune (who, in distributing her favours, seldom discriminates merit) could not shake.

He had languished nearly two months in this gloomy retreat, when the son of the Ottoman commander arrived at the town where he was confined. Achmet had, in many battles, witnessed the heroic deeds of the noble Venetian; and that admiration, which, in baser minds, turns to envy, in Achmet's produced esteem and emulation.—He blushed not to own, that in the Christian hero he found an example worthy of imitation.

Inspired with these sentiments, Achmet felt an earnest desire to visit the noble captive, whom, in the high career of prosperity and success, he had so often contemplated with admiration.

Having signified his intention to the keeper of the prison, he was conducted to the dungeon where the Venetian was confined. Achmet was struck with horror on his entrance: by the pale glimmer of a lamp, he discovered the valiant Doria on some straw, and emaciated with disease, occasioned by the damp air of the prison, and the unwholesome provisions, which were, in scanty portions, brought him daily for sustenance: the lustre of his eyes was nearly extinguished, and the majesty and command which formerly sat upon his brow, had given place to the settled gloom of despair; yet, when he perceived Achmet, he exerted the little strength he had left to rise; and collected into his aspect that determined resolution, which seemed to brave every torment his haughty conquerors could inflict.

Achmet stood some minutes to contemplate him; a powerful sympathy pervaded his heart, and tears involuntarily fell from his eyes. He remembered the instability of human greatness, and, that the reverse of his own fortune might, haply, be near at hand. Advancing toward the noble captive, "Valiant Doria," said he, "pardon an intrusion from one who already sufficiently knows to revere and admire, though in an enemy, that courage and virtue which fame has so justly recorded. I come not, noble Doria, as an insulting conqueror, to whom fortune, not merit, may have given the pre-eminence; but as a fellow-soldier,

whose fate may one-day resemble yours, to sympathize, and, if it may be so, to alleviate your sufferings."

Doria was much surprised at an address of this kind, when he expected nothing but austerity and insult. "The Christians," said he, "are not used to hold converse with infidels; but, as ingratitude is a vice we know not,—Doria, generous Achmet, acknowledges himself thy debtor for proffered kindness."

These words were pronounced with a dignity fully demonstrating his greatness of soul, and entirely charmed Achmet, who conversed with him some time, and departed fully resolved to use his interest with the Ottoman chief to obtain his enlargement.

Achmet was, however, disappointed in this hope: his father would not listen to any arguments on the subject; his hatred against the Christians being implacable, and more especially against Doria, by whose conquering sword numbers of the Turkish host had fallen. He would not, therefore, be prevailed upon to soften the captivity of the Venetian.

Achmet, finding he could urge nothing further in behalf of Doria, without being suspected of favouring too much the cause of the enemy, was silent: yet the sufferings of the noble youth remained strongly impressed on his mind; and, at length, he suborned the keeper of the prison, by liberal presents, to favour his design of alleviating his sufferings; so that, through his means, Doria experienced indulgences to which he was before a stranger, and which served greatly to lighten the horrors of his captivity. Once, every day, he was permitted to take the air in a large space of ground adjoining to the prison, which contributed greatly to the restoration of his health, as before observed, much impaired. He was also accommodated with a bed and other conveniences; and had no reason to complain of the inferior quality, or scantiness of his food. What greatly added to his consolation was, the frequent visits he received from the generous Achmet; the sprightliness of whose conversation suffered him not to feel the want of society; the total deprivation of which is, perhaps, of all others, the most insupportable misfortune.

A friendship, the natural result of reciprocal virtues, and superior to the mere dependence on local opinions and trifling jealousies, cemented their souls; and, on the part of Doria, was increased by the most lively gratitude. In this generous intercourse of mutual esteem, time seemed to pass with a less weary step; yet the active soul of the Venetian, ever panting for glory, could, at times, but impatiently brook the fetters that restrained him. He longed, as he was used, to meet danger in the field, and to pour forth destruction on the insulting foe.

As he one night lay on his bed, reflecting on the cruelty of his situation, the door of the prison unlocked. Doria started, thinking it might be a warrant for his execution, it being the dead of night, a time when the keeper seldom visited him, but on extraordinary occasions; to his great joy, he found it to be Achmet: "Haste, my friend," said the youth; "if you would embrace life and liberty, lose not a moment in following me."

Doria readily prepared to obey; and arrayed himself, with all speed, in a Turkish habit which Achmet had purposely brought with him.

"To-morrow," said Achmet in a low voice, "your life, my friend, with other of the Christian prisoners taken in the last engagement, will be sacrificed, to avenge those of the Mussulmen who have been slain in battle. But see," said he, "Selima, the beautiful daughter of Orchanes, (the name of the keeper of the prison) by whom the happy Achmet is beloved, has procured and resigned to me

the keys of thy prison; therefore haste, and lose not a moment."

They both passed with the utmost speed, through several long avenues, and folding doors, till at length they found themselves without the prison-gates; from thence Achmet, without speaking, led the Venetian through many by-streets and private ways, till they arrived at the summit of a hill, at a considerable distance from the town; there, taking a ring of great value from his finger, he put it upon that of Doria. "Wear this," said he, "in remembrance of our friendship; and should the fate of a captive Musselman, at a future period, depend on your voice, look on it, and remember that Achmet was a Mahometan."

Doria, overcome with the generosity and kindness of Achmet, fell upon his neck, and restrained not the tears which already suffused his eyes: he acknowledged the kindness and generosity of the young Turk in the warmest terms; and declared, that for the sake of Achmet, as far as was consistent with the honour of a Christian soldier, the interest of the Turks should be dear to him. After this affecting interview they parted: Achmet retired toward the city, and Doria to the Venetian camp, where he was received with universal acclamations of joy; all unanimously joining in the opinion that he had fallen a victim long since to the hatred of the Turks.

The war continuing between the Turks and Christians, Achmet and Doria often met in the field; but, though duty obliged them to encounter as enemies, their hearts were still united; they loved and esteemed each other with all the warmth of disinterested friendship, and earnestly sighed for that happy period, when peace being once more established between the two powers, should render the intercourse of their friendships no longer a crime: but war still raged with unabated fury: several battles were won and lost, both on the side of the Venetians and the Turks. In one of these, the valiant Savelli Cenami, an officer of distinguished rank in the Venetian army, and the father of Doria, having broken the ranks of the enemy, and thrown them into confusion, in the heat of conquest pressed forward, with less prudence than courage, and aimed a stroke at the Ottoman chief, which must inevitably have left him among the slain, had not his son, the generous Achmet, who fought at his side, arrested the arm of Savelli, by plunging a dagger into his breast.

Savelli, feeling that he was mortally wounded, suffered himself to be borne from the field of action to his tent; where a surgeon, having examined his wound, pronounced that he had but a few hours to live.

When Doria retired from the field, he hastened with all speed to the tent of his sire; and, with heartfelt anguish, was made acquainted with the fatal catastrophe. Overwhelmed with grief, he threw himself on the ground, and fervently entreated heaven to spare so valuable a life; then seizing Savelli's hand in an agony of despair, he bathed it with his tears.

"My son," said the expiring warrior, having caused every one else to leave the tent, "moderate your affliction; as my life has been glorious, so is my death also; for I have received it in the act of vindicating the rights of my country and religion. One assurance alone is wanting, and I die fully satisfied with my fate. Swear, my Doria, that the death of thy father shall not go unrevenged."

Doria was not backward in binding himself by an oath to perform that to which the poignancy of his present feelings readily prompted him; for, in Savelli, he beheld himself deprived at once of a tender parent and an able commander.

When Savelli rejoined, "Swear that thy vindictive sword shall be dyed in the

blood of Achmet," Doria started; he remembered the league that was between him and the generous Turk, and shuddered at the thought of raising his arm against his preserver.

"Trust not," continued Savelli, "for thy revenge, to the chance of war; no, my son, by specious arts ensnare the hated infidel! the stripling! who, in an ill-fated moment, wrested life and glory from the hand of thy father; and, when safe within thy power, let not Savelli's blood rise up in vain for vengeance."

"My father," said Doria, "let not thy son descend to arts which thou hast thyself disdained; no, let me meet Achmet in the field, and let this arm openly avenge thy untimely death."

"Valour, my son," said Savelli, "is often foiled by fortune; therefore regard my words, and trust not that chance which may be accomplished by more certain means." Savelli could say no more; a convulsion deprived him of utterance, and he expired within two hours afterwards.

Doria wept over his father many days; and, with unfeigned affection, followed his corpse to a stately tomb, wherein it was deposited. The first transports of his grief having subsided, he called to mind the oath he had taken to revenge his death: hard, indeed, was the task, when he remembered the victim he had promised to sacrifice was Achmet, his friend, his preserver, his deliverer! to whom alone he was indebted for his life and liberty. Could he in honour,—could he in justice, treacherously conspire against the life of one by whom his own had been preserved? His soul revolted at the idea.

Achmet had, it is true, slain his sire; but it was in defence of one, whom, by every tie of nature and religion, he was bound to defend and preserve; the blow had been fatal to Savelli, but Achmet meant it not, for the sake of Doria, to have touched his life. These generous reflections were succeeded by others; Achmet had, in truth, dyed his sword in the blood of Savelli; his hand it was that had deprived Doria of a father, and the Venetians of an experienced and valiant officer.

Duty, and filial love, together with the solemn oath he had taken, strongly urged him to avenge the deed, and over-ruled the arguments reason urged in behalf of Achmet.

The last injunction of Savelli was, that his son should revenge his fall by treachery and assassination; but Doria shrunk with horror from this idea. After much deliberation, he dispatched a billet, containing the following words, to the young Mahometan:

"DORIA TO ACHMET.

"If Doria still continues to hold a place in the remembrance of Achmet, and he is still actuated by that valour which has so often distinguished him in the field, tomorrow, at the ninth hour, he will not hesitate to cross the river which separates the Ottoman from the Christian camp, to measure swords with a Christian champion."

Achmet had too much courage to refuse this challenge, and knew too well the honour of Doria, to fear treachery. At the hour appointed, he embarked in a boat, attended only by two of his men, on whose fidelity he could depend. On landing, he was received by Doria, who having led him to a retired spot, at some distance from the camp, professed himself to be the champion who was to encounter the youthful Ottoman.

Achmet was not more grieved than astonished at this unexpected information. "How!" said he, "is it thus we meet? Is this the end of our boasted friendship?"

"Achmet," said Doria, "thou hast given me life and freedom; but, by thy hand am I deprived of an honoured sire."

Without loss of time, he then acquainted him with the oath he had taken to revenge the death of Savelli.

"For that purpose," said he, "do we meet: this arm must avenge the blood of a father, or perish in the attempt; one of us must fall; let heaven then decide the cause betwixt us."

Achmet, who loved Doria with the purest esteem, with inexpressible grief heard him speak thus: his heart sickened at the thought of raising his sword against one whom he so entirely loved. In vain did he endeavour to exculpate himself, by avowing that the fatal blow was given in defence of a parent; Doria knew it; his reason acquitted Achmet, but his affection found him guilty.

"Cruel fate!" said Achmet, finding Doria's resolution unshaken, "that bursts asunder the bands with which friendship had so firmly tied our hearts."

Then Doria having made a sign to a band of trusty soldiers, who awaited his commands near the spot, he caused them to bind themselves by a solemn oath, that if the sword of Achmet prevailed, they should instantly give him safe conduct back to the Ottoman camp. Then drawing their swords, with a reluctance they had before never known, they prepared for combat. Achmet for some time acted solely upon the defensive; but finding that the Venetian sought his life, by degrees he grew warm, and made several dangerous passes at Doria, which were returned by the Venetian. For a time the advantage was equal,—fortune seemed to declare in favour of neither; at length a mortal wound which Doria received, turned the balance in favour of the Mahometan.

"All is over," said Doria, as he fell; "my father! accept the blood of thy son, as an atonement for that which he has failed to spill. Achmet," said he, stretching out his hand to the youth, who hung over him, lost in grief, "retain me in your remembrance, as one whom fate, not inclination, made your foe." Then addressing the troops, who on this melancholy termination of the combat had drawn nigh, and stood round with countenances impressed with the deepest sorrow—he renewed his charge to them of conducting Achmet in safety to the Mahometan camp, and expired.

Achmet, overwhelmed with the deepest grief, was conducted by the Venetian soldiers (who religiously performed the dying orders of their officer) to the Turkish camp; while others conveyed the corpse of the unfortunate Venetian from the fatal spot, and bore the melancholy tidings of his death to the camp.

Thus fell the valiant Doria, a martyr to the unjust and implacable resentment of his sire; who, to indulge the basest of passions, cut off in the flower of his age, the sole surviving branch that remained to perpetuate his name, and to transmit his valour to succeeding generations.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At glided butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

Meditations on an old Coat.—I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most impudently wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at home in his own house; abroad he is uneasy; he can neither sit, stand, nor go, like a reasonable mortal.

All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person you can tell if he has one on. *New coat* is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his por-

trait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons! Avaunt then, new coat! Hence, horrible substance, broad-cloth mockery, hence! But come, thou old coat, fair and free; be thou my muse, be thou my Charon! Conduct me to the Elysium of threadbare essayists, battered beaus, and jobbing tailors, where the genius of shreds and patches dwells in some fairy Monmouth-street, while eternal cabbage springs beneath his feet.

An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with much ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired.

An old coat is favourable to retirement and study. When your coat is old, you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles. I could no more write an article in a new coat than a strait waistcoat. Were I to attempt it, my very good friends the public, would be severe sufferers.

A happy thought, by the way, just strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced that Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron without any coat at all. Geoffrey Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new nor old. Cobbet in a coat very often turned. Moore in a handsome brown frock and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a night-gown, of a fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Wordsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelly wrote in a dreadnought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical.

Your old coat is a gentle moralist; it recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head as long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last night to the Opera; I consulted my old coat, and stayed at home to write for the benefit of posterity.

I cannot say that I have so great an attachment to other aged articles of dress as an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough; but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a pinch; their friendship rests on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

Not so an old coat; it sticks by you to the last. With a little care you may wear it for years, nay, for life. The vulnerable parts of an old coat are the armpits, the elbows, and the skirts; of those you must be cautious. I remember a friend who was rather attached to emphatic gesticulation, and used to elevate his arms to an indiscreet height long after his coat had passed its grand climacteric: this should be avoided. I recollect another, an old brother soldier, who, Joseph like, left his skirts in his washer-woman's hands one morning, and went to parade in a short jacket, though not belonging to the light infantry.

I have seen an old coat appear to monstrous advantage on the body of a great buck: as thus—he was well dressed in all other respects, immaculate waistcoat, unexceptionable inexpressibles, silk stockings in perfect health, but coat as old as Adam. Thus attired, he used to caper at a ball with immense applause. Next morning he visited his partners in a suit that Sir Richard Steele would call fire new.

The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave

every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages of an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice of an old coat, is the exercise it affords to the genius of the wearer. Judgment, taste, and fancy are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising, and setting it off to the best advantage. I found a friend the other day busily engaged on a blue coat that, to all seeming, was in the very last stage of decrepitude. First, he patched the elbows, &c. and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing, and dusting, a ticklish operation let me tell you. Then came watering; your water is a sore refresher of your whorson old coat. Then he took a sponge, dipped it in milk mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams of the garment withal. Lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of soft leather. After all this, the coat was not to be recognised by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough, and toothless, and the same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows, and a new black wig.

Cherry Feast.—There is a feast celebrated at Hamburgh, called the 'Feast of Cherries,' in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate the following event:—In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburgh with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying 'victory.'

The Roman ladies were extremely careful of their teeth; they used small brushes, and tooth-picks; the latter sometimes of silver; but those most esteemed were made of the wood of the mastich tree. Of what, besides water, they employed to cleanse them, we only know, that there was a favourite lotion, which they received from Spain, the chief ingredient in which was a liquid that undoubtedly would not recommend it to modern notice. False teeth are mentioned both by Horace and Martial, as being common in their time. Art had not, indeed, then arrived at the perfection of supplying the absolute deficiency of an eye: but means were not wanting to increase their lustre, and to make those which were small, or sunk, appear larger and more prominent than they really were. This was effected by burning the powder of antimony, the vapour of which being allowed to ascend to the eyes, had the effect of distending the eyelids; or the powder, and sometimes, indeed, common soot, was gently spread with a bodkin underneath the lid, and the tint which it imparted was supposed to give an expression of liquid softness to the eye. Pencilling the eye-brows was a constant practice; nor was there any ignorance of the effect produced by a skillfully disposed patch, or of any other of the numerous arcanæ by which the charms of the person are heightened and displayed.

Fanatical burlesque.—Among the French devotional pieces, burlesque has ever reigned in the titles of their books of piety: as, "The Snufflers of Divine Love," "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with devotion." "The Capuchin booted and spurred for Paradise."

THE TRAVELLER.

"Is pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Hail, and not feel the crowd. Cowper."

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

Few continental cities are so little known as Madrid; this may be accounted for from its not being a place of much commerce, which is the chief cause of national intercourse. Considerable interest, however, now attaches to this capital, from the circumstance of its being at this time occupied by a French army.

Madrid, though long an obscure town belonging to the Archbishops of Toledo, and though built in a sterile spot, has become one of the finest cities in Europe. The streets are straight, wide, clean, and well paved. The largest streets are those of Alcalá, Atocha, and Toledo. There are also several squares, which, however, are not very regularly built; the largest is the Plaza Mayor, and is 1536 feet in circuit; the houses, of which there are 136, are of five stories, ornamented with balconies, the first of which, supported by pillars, form a piazza, where the inhabitants may walk under cover. In the middle of the square a market is kept, which renders the Plaza Mayor much like Covent-garden. The houses are generally built of brick, and in almost every square and street there is a fountain. The palace stands detached from an eminence, without a terrace, park, or even garden. It is of a square form, and spacious porticos encompass the inner court; the royal apartments are large and very magnificent.

The city of Madrid contains fifteen gates, eighteen parishes, and 156,672 inhabitants. The Manzanares, the river on which the city is built, is not large, though it is crossed by a superb bridge of nine arches. It may perhaps excite some surprise, that a capital containing upwards of 150,000 inhabitants, should fall into the hands of an enemy not very numerous, without a contest; but Madrid is an open city and not fortified.

We cannot perhaps better close this account than by introducing the following lively description of "A Day at Madrid. From a Picture of Madrid, taken on the spot, by Christian Augustus Fisher." It is translated from the German:

I wake—'tis four o'clock in the morning! The whole broad street of Alcalá is spread before me like an immense square; churches, palaces, and convents; at the further end, the shady walks of the Prado—a grand sublime sight, baffling description. The matin bell announces the early mass, the streets become more animated; veiled women, in black, men in long brown cloaks, with cedisealas, wearing their hair in a kind of net work, hanging low down their back. The doors of all the balconies open, and water is sprinkled out before every house. Now the goat-keepers, with their little herds, enter the gates, crying, milk, milk! goat's milk! fresh and warm! who will have any?—There I see market women pass by with their asses loaded with vegetables, bakers with bread in carts made of Spanish reed! water carriers and porters hastening to commence their day's work; while, with a hoarse voice, two consequential looking alguazils proclaim the thefts committed on the preceding night.

By degrees, all the warehouses, shops, and booths, are opened. The publicans (taberneros) expose their wine cups; the chocolate women get their pots ready; the water carriers begin to chant their "Quin bebe?" (who'll drink?) and the hackney coach and hackney chaise drivers, with the persons who let mules for hire, take their usual stands. Soon the whole streets resound with various and numberless cries—Cod, white

cod! Onions, onions, from Garcia! Walnuts, walnuts, from Biscay! Oranges, oranges, from Murcia! Hot smoked sausages, from Estramadura! Tomatoes, large tomatoes! Sweet citrons, sweet citrons! Barley water? Ice water! A new Journal! A new Gazette! Water melons! Long Malaga raisins! Olives, olives, from Seville! Milk rolls, fresh and hot! Grapes, grapes! Figs, new figs! Pomegranates, pomegranates, from Valencia!

It strikes ten; the guards mount: dragoons, Swiss regiments, Walloon guards, Spanish infantry, "A los ples vin Donne Manuela!" (Let us go to mass.) All the bells are ringing, all the streets are covered with rock roses, rich carpets hanging from every balcony, and altars raised on every square, under canopies of state. The procession sets out. What neat little angels, with pasteboard wings, covered with gilt paper! Images of saints, with fine powdered bob wigs, and robes of gold brocade! What swarms of priests! How many beautiful girls! all pleasant and in mixed groups.

The clock proclaims noon-day. We return through the square of the Puerto del Sol. All the rifas (raffles) have begun, all the hackney waiters are busy, and the whole square thronged with people. One o'clock—we are called to dinner; a great deal of saffron; many love apples, plenty of oil and pimento; but then, wine from La Mancha; oil, Xeres and Malaga! what a fine thing is Spanish cookery!

La Siesta! La Siesta! Senora? A deadly silence is in all the streets; all the window-shutters are put up, or the curtains let down; even the most industrious porter stretches his length on his mat, and falls asleep at the fountain, with his pitcher behind him.

At four o'clock every body repairs to the bull fight, to the Canal, or to the Prado: all is gaiety and merriment, one equipage after another driving, full speed, to those places of diversion. The Puerto del Sol becomes as crowded as before, and the water carriers, and the orange women, are all as busy as bees.

Thus passes the afternoon; and the dusky shades of evening set in at last. All the bells ring, and every Spaniard says the prayer of salutation to the virgin. Now all hasten to the tertulias and theatres, and, in a few minutes, the rattling of carriages resounds in every street. The lamps before the houses of the images of the Virgin, are already lighted; the merchants and dealers have illuminated their houses and shops, and the sellers of ice water and lemonade, their stalls. Every where are seen rush-lights and paper lanterns on the tables of fruit women and cake-men.

Meanwhile, the crowd on the square has prodigiously increased, and it is soon stowed with people. In one part, you will hear the soft sounds of the guitar, or senu fillá; in another, a female ballad singer tells, in rhyme, the tale of the last murder committed: in a third, a missionary attempts to move the hearts of obdurate sinners. Soon passes the rosary and tattoo with music, and the equipages return from the theatres.

It grows still later; the crowds begin to disperse—by one o'clock in the morning, all the streets are still and quiet, and only here and there resounds a solitary guitar, through the solitary gloom of night.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.—Bacon.

Remarks on the Drama of the Robbers.

The first reading of Schiller's Robbers is an event in every one's life which is not easily forgotten. The character of

Charles Moor appears to me to be drawn in a most powerful manner. Moor is a robber: he is young, romantic, and heroic. The crimes which his pursuits lead him into, throw a fearful sadness over his nature, which reflection ever turns into bitterness. He becomes interesting from his devoted affection, from his noble courage and his fierce pursuits. He loves silence and solitude as a relief to his mind, though of the saddest sort. In retirement he pours forth his hatred of mankind, and becomes violently misanthropical from the remembrance of his own injuries, and exclaims, "Man! Man! false hypocrite! deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow, but thy heart is iron!—Thou stretchest forth thine arms, but a poniard is concealed in thine bosom.—Lions and leopards feed thy young, the raven feasts its little ones on carrion—and he! he!—Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice!—I could smile whilst my enemy quaff'd my heart's blood; but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury, let manly composure catch fire—let the gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction."

The character of Amelia, the young girl to whom Charles Moor is attached, is beautifully drawn. The love scenes betwixt the young girl and the chief of the robbers, who was to have been her husband, are admirable in point of enthusiasm and sensibility: there are few situations more pathetic than that of this truly virtuous woman, always attached from the bottom of her soul to him whom she loved before he became criminal. The respect which a woman is accustomed to feel for the man whom she loves, is changed into a sort of terror or pity; and one would say that the unfortunate female flatters herself with the thought of becoming the guardian angel of her guilty lover in heaven, when she can no longer hope to be the happy companion of his pilgrimage on earth. The meeting between Charles and Amelia, when he returns unknown, is one of the most thrilling parts of the drama. The soul of Amelia is subdued by a presence which she cannot comprehend: she parts with the ring which Charles had given her, to one who is apparently a stranger to her. Her heart seems to be sorrowfully conscious of its frailty, without the power of redeeming itself. How firmly does she say to the stranger, when the remembrance of Charles rushes upon her mind and almost overwhelms her—"Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times; and here I, who when at his side forgot both heaven and earth. Here he would listen to the celestial notes of the nightingale. Here, he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here, here, he pressed me to his heart, and swore to love me, and me only—for ever." But the finest scene of the tragedy is the one in which Moor is lying on the side of a hill, with his robbers idling or sleeping around him. The sun is setting in the fulness of its glory, and the air is still. Moor leans his head on his hand, and gazes intently and mournfully on the beautiful orb which is retiring before him. He sinks into reflection: he had watched the setting sun in the innocent hours of childhood, and now the past comes slowly and sorrowfully back upon his mind. He gazes again at the setting sun, and exclaims, "Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero! When I was a boy, my favourite thought was, that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb!—it was a boyish thought." By degrees his mind passes to a consciousness of his present state; and what can be finer than his wish?—"Oh! that I could return into my mother's womb!—Oh! that I could be born a peasant!—I would labour till the blood rolled from my temples to buy the luxury of a noon-

day's slumber, the rapture of one solitary tear."

I shall conclude my critique by remarking, that though Schiller, after the age of twenty-five, wrote with greater purity and severity, yet he never produced any work equal to that of the Robbers, either in spirit, mystery, or passion. Schiller, more than any author, throws an interest over a situation terminated in respect of its being an event, but which still exists in the capacity of suffering.

FRENCH DANCERS.

Marcellus, who had been but a second-rate dancer at the Opera, became one of the first dancing-masters in Paris, and when, weighed down by infirmities, he could no longer exercise his art himself, such was his knowledge of its theory, that he demonstrated it with so much facility and clearness, that it was impossible not to become perfectly acquainted with it in a few lessons. He taught particularly those dances of a grave and dignified nature, and the "reverences d'etiquettes" for the presentations at Court, and without rising from a large sofa where he was kept by the pains of the gout, he made his pupils execute before him all those movements, which he explained to them with minute detail, and chid them with severity for the slightest deficiency in the execution.

He solicited a pension from Government, and the charming Mademoiselle d'Esc, one of his pupils, having, by the great credit of her family, obtained it for him, hastened, with as much rapidity as joy, to present him the patent, and she put it into his hands without any other pretension than that of giving him equally surprise and pleasure. Marcellus took the instrument, and, throwing it on the ground, a long distance from him, exclaimed, in a severe tone, "Is that the manner, Madam, that I have taught you to present any thing? Take up the paper, and bring it to me as you ought?" Mademoiselle d'Esc, humiliated by the tone which she ought least to have expected on such an occasion, took up the paper with tears in her eyes, and presented it to him with all the graces of which she was capable. "It is well, Mademoiselle," said the dancing-master to her, "it is well; I receive it; though your elbow was not sufficiently turned;—and I thank you."

Marcellus said that the French had too much fire for his art—the Spaniards too much ice—the Germans too much fat—the Italians too much ether—and that grave dancing was peculiarly suited to the English. He asserted that he could discover simply by his carriage to what nation the man who presented himself before him belonged. A young Foreign nobleman who wished to receive his lessons, and who was apprised of his predilection for the English, introduced himself as an Englishman. As soon as he had made his salute, Marcellus cried out in a disdainful tone, "You an Englishman! You born in the atmosphere of independence! I am not mistaken. You are only the titled slave of some little northern Prince." And Marcellus was right. He was the son of the great chamberlain of the Prince de H.

Vestris, the father, who allowed himself to be called "the god of Dancing," used to say openly, "I only know three great men in Europe—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself." His ridiculous vanity surpassed his talents. He replied to some one who congratulated him on the happiness of obtaining the unanimous approbation of the public, "Ah! believe me, I do not always repose on roses. In truth, I must confess there are moments in which I would prefer the state of a simple captain of cavalry to my own." At that time it was well known that the first Nobleman of France esteemed it an honour to obtain the command of a company of cavalry.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

PARK THEATRE every evening; performance to commence at seven o'clock. Boxes \$1, Pit 50 cents, Gallery 25 cents.

PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 12½ cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Notices of Mad. D'Houdetot.

A correspondent in the *European Magazine* for July, gives the following account of Madame d'Houdetot:—

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot, who, though plain in person, and more than thirty years old when first seen by Jean Jacques Rousseau, excited by the charms of her conversation, and the fascination of her manner, the admiration of that eccentric being, retained to a very advanced period of life her peculiar talent of pleasing and delighting all who approached her. After the signature of the preliminaries of peace in 1801, I spent some months in France, and had frequent opportunities of seeing this lady, and partaking of her hospitality, both at Paris and at her villa in the valley of Montmorency. At both those places, though then nearly eighty years old, she collected around her a circle formed of persons most eminent for literary reputation; among whom it will be sufficient to name the Abbe Morelet, Mons. and Madame Pastoret, Mons. and Madame Suard, the Marquis de Bonay, and Madame la Comtesse de Flahot, author of *Charles et Marie*, and other popular novels. Madame d'Houdetot was herself not the least distinguished of her society; and her *bon mots*, her epigrams, and her repartees, were the delight of her guests; while her habitual sweetness of temper, amenity, and cheerful spirits, gave a constant charm to her evening coteries.

M. St. Lambert, the object of her early attachment, and for whom she resisted the eloquence and assiduity of Rousseau, was, when I had the honour of knowing Madame d'Houdetot, an inmate on the family, which then presented a scene very singular indeed to the eye of an Englishman. M. St. Lambert had fallen into a state of mental imbecility, bordering in idiotcy, and, with the capriciousness often remarked in persons labouring under such calamities, had taken an antipathy to Madame d'Houdetot, whose unwearied attentions he received in the most ungracious manner, while he was, on the contrary, delighted with those of her husband, who, on his part, with a generosity truly French, offered every possible mark of kindness to his afflicted guest. At Madame d'Houdetot's parties the letters of *La Nouvelle Heloise* were frequently made the subject of conversation; and I recollect very well, on an English lady observing how dangerously seductive was the language of those epistles—"What would you have thought," replied Madame d'Houdetot, with a smile of self-approbation, "if you had known, as I did, that these letters, though nominally addressed to Julie, were meant for yourself?"

It was the rare good fortune of this lady, who was more than ninety years of age at the time of her death, to continue till the last moment surrounded by friends and relations: of the former I have already spoken; perhaps the following account of her immediate relations may not be uninteresting. Madame d'Houdetot's only son, who survives her, was already

a field-officer when the French Revolution burst forth. Though a member of the ancient aristocracy, he did not emigrate, but, remaining in the service, was a general under Napoleon, and had a command at Martinique when that island was captured by the British forces. He was conveyed to England, and resided several years at Lichfield on his parole. While he was so detained, it is creditable to the present Marquis of Lansdown to state, that his Lordship, who had known his mother at Paris, made every possible exertion to procure the liberation of the general: he failed in the attempt: and, after a long captivity, Count d'Houdetot did not return to Paris till nearly the conclusion of the last war. His son was, during the imperial government, Prefect of Brussels: and his daughter married the Baron de Barante, one of the most eloquent speakers in the present House of Peers.

Beside M. D'Epinay, Madame d'Houdetot had another brother, who held the office of *Introduit des Ambassadeurs* in the reign of Louis XVI. and his widow is that Madame de la Briche whose Sunday *soirees* are mentioned by Lady Morgan, and other travellers, as affording the best specimen of literary and fashionable society in the French capital.

The only child of Mons. and Madame de la Briche, and therefore the grand-niece of Madame d'Houdetot, is now the wife of Count Mole, the descendant of the celebrated President of that name, Grand Judge under Napoleon, some time Minister of Marine under Louis XVIII. and one of the most distinguished members of the French Peerage.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

Singular Properties of Plants and Flowers.

There are some plants on which if a fly perches, they instantly close and crush the insect to death. Plants also change their position and form in different circumstances and seasons. They take advantage of good weather, and guard themselves against bad weather; they open their leaves and flowers in the day, and close them at night; some close before sunset, and others after; some open to receive rain, and others close to avoid it; some follow the sun, and others turn from it; the leaves of some plants are in constant motion during the day, and at night they sink to a kind of rest or sleep. It has been observed, that a plant has a power of directing its roots for procuring food; and that it has a faculty of recovering its natural position after it has been forced from it. A hop-plant, for instance, in twisting round a pole, directs its course from south to west, as the sun does; if it be tied in the opposite direction, it dies; but if it be left loose in this direction, it will regain its natural course in a single night. A honeysuckle proceeds in a certain direction till it be too long to sustain itself; it then acquires strength by shooting into a spiral form, and if it meet with any other plant of the same kind, both these coalesce, for mutual support, one twisting to the right and the other to the left. The colours of plants are so wonderfully diversified, and so constantly meet the eye, whenever it is directed to the face of nature, that they contribute, more than any other quality, to the beauty of the creation. Cowley says,

Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew;
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the human heart.

It would be tedious to enumerate the beauties of the component parts of the flowers. The microscope has enabled us

to discover exquisite beauties. The leaves of rue seem full of holes, like a honeycomb; all the kinds of St. John's wort appear likewise stuck full of pinholes to the naked eye; but the microscope shews that the places where those seem to be, are really covered by an exceeding thin and white membrane. A sage leaf appears like a rug or shag, full of knots tasselled with silver thrums, and embellished with fine round crystal beads or pedants, fastened by little footstalks. The backpart of a rose-leaf, but especially of sweet-brier, looks diapered with silver. Every body knows that the leaves of stinging-nettles are thick set with sharp prickles that penetrate the skin when touched, and occasion pain, heat, and swelling, which symptoms were imagined formerly to ensue from the prickles being left in the wounds they made. But the microscope discovers something much more wonderful in this common vegetable, and shows that its prickles are formed and act in the same manner as the stings of living animals. Every one of them is found to be a rigid hollow body, terminating in the most acute point possible, with an opening near its end. At the bottom of this cavity lies a minute vessel or bag, containing a limpid liquor, which, upon the least touching of the prickle, is squirted through the little outlet, and, if it enters the skin, produces the mischief before mentioned by the pungency of its salts. Hence it comes to pass, that when the leaves of nettles are considerably dried by the heat of the sun, they cling but very little; whereas such as are green and juicy produce violent pain and inflammation. But the contrary to this would happen if the symptoms were only owing to the breaking of the prickles in the flesh, since, when dry, they must be more brittle, as well as more rigid, than when they abound with juice. The backpart of the herb mercury looks as if rough-cast with silver, and the ribs full of white transparent balls, like numberless grapes, fastened by little footstalks. So that "we may read and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct, even in the noisome weed."

THE FATA MORGANA.

The various phenomena exhibited by nature present nothing more curious and extraordinary than those which are caused by the reflection and refraction of light from fogs and vapours arising from the sea, lakes, and morasses, replete with marine and vegetable salts. These vapours, by means of the said salts, form various polished surfaces, which reflect and refract the light of the sun, and even the moon, in various directions, by which they not only distort, but multiply the images of objects represented to them in a most surprising manner. They not only form images of castles, palaces, and other buildings, in various styles of architecture, but also the most beautiful landscapes, spacious woods, groves, orchards, companies of men and women, herds of cattle, &c. &c. these are all painted with such an admirable mixture of light and shade, that it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the picture without seeing it. The best scenery exhibited by the *camera obscura* is not more beautiful, or a more faithful representation of nature.

Though these curious and beautiful phenomena are not peculiar to any age or country, they are more frequently seen on the sea coasts; and though in some respects common in such situations, they have hitherto been so little noticed by the intelligent part of mankind as to be scarcely known to exist. Those which have most attracted attention have been seen in the summer season on the southern coasts of Italy, near the ancient city of Rhegium, called by the fishermen

and peasants in their native tongue *fata morgana*, or *dama fata morgana*. They are, however, frequently noticed by the English, Erse, and Irish peasants, fishermen, and mariners; and denominated by the two latter sea fairies and fairy castles. The Erse fishermen, among the western isles of Scotland, frequently see represented on barren heaths and naked rocks, beautiful fields, woods, and castles, with numerous flocks and herds grazing, and multitudes of people of both sexes in various attitudes and occupations. These, as they know no such objects really exist, they constantly attribute to enchantment, or the fairies. They are also frequently seen on the coasts of Norway, Ireland, and Greenland. On the eastern and western coasts of South America, even on the highest summit of the Andes, the *fata morgana* are met with. Also far out at sea, in the midst of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the adventurous mariner sometimes observes them; and though well know under the name of *fog-banks*, yet has their appearance been so imposing as to elude the nicest scrutiny, and to promise refreshments to the fatigued and sea-worn mariner which he could not obtain. The most ancient account of these aerial castles and islands which has been transmitted to us, is the representation of a beautiful island situated nearly in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland, first observed by some Danish and Irish fishermen about the year 900, and from that period to the commencement of the 14th century frequently by the Anglo-Saxon, English, and French fishermen and mariners.

But, as this island could never be approached, it was called the *enchanted island*, and supposed by the maritime inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain, to be the country of departed spirits, and consequently denominated in Erse *Flath Iannis*, or the Noble Island; in Irish *Hy Brasil*, or the Country of Spirits; by the Anglo-Saxons, *Iocokane*, or the Country in the Waves; and by the French and Spaniards, who supposed it to consist of two distinct islands, *Brasil* and *Asmunda*, or the Islands of Ghosts. And so much persuaded were geographers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of their real existence, that they have place in all or most of the maps of the Atlantic in those periods. Even so late as about the year 1750, an English ship, returning from Newfoundland, near lat. 50° north discovered an island not heretofore known, which not only appeared fertile, but covered with verdant fields and shady woods, among which cattle were seen to graze; and only the appearance of a violent surge hindered the captain and crew from landing, according to their desire. So well convinced, however, were they of its real existence, that, on arriving at London, ships were ordered out to complete the discovery; but no island could be found, nor has any land been discovered in that track from that time to the present. Commodore Byron, in his *Voyage round the World*, mentions a fog bank in a high southern latitude, which appeared like an island, with capes and mountains, deceiving the most experienced seamen on board for some time.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN SWEDEN.

The annual reports of the general progress of science, which were read in 1821 to the Royal Academy of Stockholm, have been published. Among other things, they state that an attack has been for some time carrying on in Germany upon the mineralogical theories of Haily, and especially on the learned French professor's arrangement of crystalline forms. Geology has been little cultivated in Sweden; but zoology has been much studied, and especially the entomological branch of it. This volume

of reports contains some very remarkable facts with regard to the insects enclosed in amber, found on the shores of the Baltic, by which it appears that they are of a species now extinct. The observations of M. Agardh, on the animalcule found in liquids, and called *vorticella convallaria*, are very curious. M. Agardh suspects that this microscopic being attracts to itself other animals, still smaller, which serve it for food, and of which it obtains possession by means of a fascination analogous to that which it is said certain descriptions of serpents exercise on their prey. If the learned naturalist has not been deceived by false appearances, or by his imagination; if he has really seen nature, we must allow to the microscopic universe a participation in the faculties, in the habits, and perhaps in the knowledge, more or less distinct, which belong to the larger animals, in that part of living nature in which man is classed. The well-established discovery of a truth of this kind is sufficient to derange the whole of our philosophical opinions. While it makes us distrustful of our knowledge, it shows the necessity of approximating more and more nearly to perfection every means of observation. Another fact gives great force to these observations. Swammerdam had said that earth-worms multiplied themselves by eggs, which abound in spring, and in which may be seen, not only the little worm, which is about to quit them, but even the circulation of blood in its vessels. Several modern naturalists have believed that earth-worms were viviparous, because they found small worms in individuals of that description which they dissected. Messrs. Rudolphi and Jules Leo, of Berlin, have, however, confirmed the observations of Swammerdam; and the first has proved, beside, that what these naturalists took for the young of the earth-worms, were parasitical animals; intestinal worms, which belong to the species *vidrio*, and which exist not only in the earth-worms themselves, but also in their eggs.*

ON THE SLEEP OF FISHES.

The great purposes of sleep, in all land animals, is the restoration of mental and muscular exhaustion, and in both cases, in fish the necessity for such restoration is incomparably less. Their situation restricts the mental action to very narrow limits, and their muscular exertion also bears no sort of proportion either in its frequency or extent to that of land animals. The body of a living fish is almost precisely of the same specific gravity as that of the water in which it swims, and it appears to have the power of increasing or decreasing its specific gravity, when it descends into greater, or ascends into lesser depths, so that its weight, at all times, is completely supported by the water, and the action of its tail is all that is required to propel it forwards. Hence, for these, and many other reasons that might be advanced, the indispensable urgency for sleep in land animals does not exist in any proportional degree in the aquatic creation.

But there are also many very obvious reasons why sleep in fish should be more pernicious and even fatal than useful. Far the greater number continually exist in moving water, and were they subject to the same oblivious repose as land animals, they would be carried away by the motion of the water, and exposed an easy prey to their numerous enemies. That would more especially happen in all brooks and rivers, by the sleeping fish being drifted on the shallows, and there being exposed to imminent perils from herons, and other aquatic marauders, and, indeed, were fishes subjected to sleep, they would frequently have been seen in

that state by anglers, not one of whom, most certainly, ever observed any sort of fish in such a state. With respect to night, every practised angler well knows that fish are then far more actively in motion after food, than during the day. Fish are almost universally the prey of each other, and there are very few species indeed that have not their own peculiar predators, and are not themselves the peculiar enemies of others. Amongst a race of animals, therefore, so constantly on the alert after conquest or escape, sleep would only operate as a snare to destruction. The same reasoning applies strictly to fish in the sea, and we may certainly conclude, as sleep is neither so necessary, nor can be practised with the same security as in the case of land animals, that provident nature, with her constant correctness of adaptation, has fashioned these "dwellers in the deep" with other qualities more suitable to their peculiar situation.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

General Direction of Lightning.—*Hail Chart.*—It results from a series of observations made in Germany, and communicated to Keffsterstein, that the general direction of lightning is from East to West, comparatively seldom from North to South. It appears from another series of observations in Germany, that most of the lightning rises in the West and extends towards the East. Numerous observations have been made on the effects of lightning on trees of different kinds. Experienced foresters tell us that the oak is often struck, but the beech seldom, even in those cases where the trees are intermixed. The Natural History Society of Halle proposes to publish a *hail-chart* of Germany, with the view of shewing its extent, position, and magnitude during a series of years. It is also proposed to publish a series of maps representing the direction lightning takes in particular parts of the world, particularly in Europe.

Human Fossil Remains.—Count Razoumiski has lately found, associated with the remains of elephants, skulls and other bones of a race of people, conjectured to be very different from those that now people the globe. They seem to have buried their dead in hillocks, and all the skulls examined had a most remarkably elongated form. Schlottheim, we understand, will publish an account of these remains.

Early Vineyards.—It is a singular circumstance, and worthy the attention of the naturalist, that in the early period, when there were no hot-houses, and when the climate is generally supposed to have been much colder than it is now, England contained a number of vineyards within its boundaries, and produced grape wine, apparently of as good a quality as that which is concocted by the genial suns of a more southern sky. Nothing remains of these vineyards but the places named from them; one near Tewkesbury, at present called the Vineyard, and another on a rising hill, near Gloucester.

Mahogany.—It has been contrived to render any species of wood, of a close grain, so nearly to resemble mahogany in the texture, density, and polish, that the most accurate judges are incapable of distinguishing between this happy imitation, and the native produce. The first operation, as now practised in France, is to plane the surface, so as to render it perfectly smooth; the wood is then to be rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid, which prepares it for the materials subsequently to be applied. Afterwards, one ounce and a half of dragon's blood, dissolved in a pint of spirits of wine, and

one-third of that quantity of carbonate of soda, are to be mixed together and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be rubbed, or rather laid, on the wood with a soft brush. This process is repeated with little alteration, and, in a short interval afterwards, the wood possesses the external appearance we have described. When this application has been properly made, the surface will resemble an artificial mirror; but if the polish becomes less brilliant, by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil, the wood will be restored to its former brilliancy.

It is said that a few leaves of mint, green or dry, will preserve grain, cheese, bread, &c. from the depredation of mice.

Iron Works of France.—At the iron works at Charenton, in France, which are under the superintendence of Englishmen, there are already nearly 300 English artisans employed, and it is announced that 100 more are expected. At about half a mile from Paris there are also new iron works, also conducted by Englishmen, which when complete will be very extensive, and give employment to upwards of 150 workmen.

On the 21st of May twenty large vultures (*vultur cinereus*) descended together near the Zydowo in France. One was killed, which was sent to Doctor Freter in Berlin, for his Museum of Natural History. So large an assemblage of birds of prey would have offered, in former times, a large field for conjecture.

Extinguishing Fire.—M. Cadet Vaux, of Italy, considering that fires in dwelling houses begin, in very numerous instances, in the chimney, and that means cannot always be applied in time to extinguish the fire at its first commencement, turned his thoughts to the discovery of some method for effecting this purpose. He reflected that combustion cannot be carried on without the presence of vital air, and consequently if the air in a chimney on fire could be rendered mephitic, the fire must go out. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire, the mephitic exhalation of which extinguished the fire, as it would suffocate any living creature. A Roman nobleman has not only repeated this experiment with entire success, but, being desirous of ascertaining whether an ignited body suspended in the chimney would be extinguished in the same manner, he caused a faggot to be suspended in a chimney, nearly at the summit, and set on fire; though by its situation it was nearly in contact with the external air, the flames were instantaneously extinguished by throwing a handful of flour of sulphur on the coals below.

The cavities containing the two Fluids recently discovered by Dr. Brewster, in Topaz, Quartz, Amethyst, and Chrysoberyl, frequently occur in millions in a single specimen, and they are often so minute as to escape the cognizance of the highest magnifying powers. The two fluids are in general perfectly transparent and colourless, and they exist in the same cavity, in actual contact, without mixing together in the slightest degree. One of them expands thirty times more than water, and at a temperature of about 80 degrees of Fahrenheit, it expands so as to fill up the vacuity in the cavity. When the vacuity is large in proportion to the quantity of fluid, a little additional heat converts it into vapour, which exhibits, in its formation and condensation, a series of beautiful optical phenomena. This fluid is also singularly voluble, so that a cavity with rectilinear sides forms a most delicate microscopic level. The second fluid, which invariably accompanies the first, is not more expansible than common fluids. It occurs in smaller quantities

than the first fluid, and has a higher refractive power. Dr. Brewster has succeeded in taking fluids out of their cavities, and examining their properties when exposed to the open air. The first fluid contracts and expands in the most rapid manner, as if it consisted of particles endowed with vitality; and both of them indurate into a sort of resinous substance, a state in which they often appear even when they are imprisoned in their cavities. The existence of these two fluids to such an extent in minerals, and their occurrence with precisely the same properties, in specimens brought from such opposite regions as Scotland, Siberia, New Holland, Brazil, and Canada, renders it probable that they have performed some important function in the mineral organization of our globe.

Improvement in Silk Throwing.—Mr. Badnall has effected a very considerable improvement in this useful process, by which, in case of one of two threads, which are being twisted together, breaking, the other is instantly cut also, and in a much simpler and better manner than heretofore.

Uses of the Potato.—In 1807, Mrs. Morris, of Union-street, London, discovered that the liquor obtained in the process of making potato starch, would clean silk, woollen, or cotton goods, without damage to the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning painted wainscots; and the white *fecula*, the substance of which potato-starch is made, she says, will answer the purpose of tapioca, and will make a nourishing food with soup or milk. It is known to make the best souffles, and has within these last few months been introduced at the foreign oil-shops as a new article, under the name of *Fecule de pomme de terre*, for which they modestly charge four shillings sterling per pound. Potatoes boiled down to a pulp, and passed through a sieve, form a strong nutritious gruel, that may be given to calves as well as pigs, with great advantage and saving of milk. A size is made from potatoes, which has great advantage over the common size, for the purpose of white-washing, as it does not smell, and it has also a most durable whiteness. The most simple, and perhaps the most wholesome way of boiling potatoes, is in an untinned iron pot or saucepan; when boiled, pour off the water, and let them continue over a gentle fire; the heat of the fire will cause the moisture to evaporate, and dry the potato fit for the table.

Two Dutch Boors or Farmers have been brought to Ireland for the purpose of instructing the peasantry in the cultivation and management of flax, which is well understood, and such a source of national wealth in Holland. These men are now going through the county of Cork, from whence they are to proceed to Kerry, and afterward to Limerick, Clare, Galway, &c.

Straw Hats.—The Italians clarify the whole of their straw hats with brimstone. The straw, the plat, or the bonnet, is wetted a little with clean cold water, which is then shaken off from it, leaving it in a wettish state. It is then shut up in a tub, a box, a cupboard, or in some place with some brimstone put into a little pan, placed on the bottom of the box or tub, and then set fire to. This gives to the straw or plat or bonnet a very brilliant colour.

A curious circumstance in Natural History has just taken place at Shafto Crag, Northumberland. A Turkey cock found the nest of a common hen in the stack yard, with 10 eggs in it. He took possession, and sat upon the eggs for three weeks till they were hatched; and he is now bringing up the chickens with the greatest attention.

* This account reminds us of Swift's distich;
Thus fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em,
And so go on, ad infinitum.

Warts and Corns.—The bark of the willow tree, burnt to ashes and mixed with strong vinegar, forms a luvium which effectually eradicates by repeated applications, warts and corns.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Notice of the new novel, entitled "*The Spectre of the Forest, or the Annals of the Housatonic; a New-England Romance.*" By the author of "*The Wilderness.*"

Our enterprising publishers, Messrs. Bliss and White, have the above work in the press; and, with the author's permission, we have enjoyed the pleasure of perusing it. Our opinion of the claims it possesses to public patronage, is, therefore, formed, and as it is of a favourable description, we do not conceive that we are committing any impropriety in expressing it, although the public may not for a few weeks have an opportunity of giving it their sanction.

As the conductor of a public journal, which is patronised by the most intelligent readers of the community, we think it our duty to pay the earliest attention to every new production that appears to us calculated to add to the growing reputation of our national literature. Hence it was, that, after reading the manuscript of "*The Wilderness,*" we freely expressed our opinion of its merits several weeks before its appearance; and the success of that work has amply proved that we were correct in so doing. We must, however, state, that, in pursuing this course, we have been careful not to recommend any works but such as we honestly consider worthy of approbation, and within these few months we have been often obliged to decline noticing performances, to which our suffrage has been solicited, because we did not conscientiously believe them deserving of public favour.

This second production of Dr. Mc Henry, is a work which we feel not the smallest reluctance in recommending. Our reasons for this approbation are many. The principal, perhaps, are the interest which, during its perusal, we felt excited for the fortunes of several of its characters, especially its heroine; and the striking and accurate view it afforded of the extraordinary period of history which it embraces. Historical novels; that is such as are, like "*The Spectre of the Forest,*" strictly so, are, for many reasons, the most useful and elevated species of amusing literature, and are become decidedly the most popular. When they are well written, they give, in a more lively and glowing manner than can be done by mere history, a picture of "the form and pressure" of times that are past, a detail of events that really occurred, with a delineation of the principles, passions, and prejudices by which our predecessors were actuated, and which, to this day, have a greater or less influence on our own affairs. Such works must be of an elevated character, when they disclose the secret springs that set in motion the celebrated and influential transactions of a country; and they must be useful, when they extend our information, and hold forth the examples of real character for our avoidance or imitation. The secret of their giving pleasure, is their gratifying curiosity without offending credibility, and their exciting interest and sympathy, by pictures of passions which we may believe to have been really felt, and of sorrow and joy, from well authenticated occurrences.

We do not say that every event recorded in a well conducted historical novel, is, or ought to be true. It is sufficient that the more important events are such, and that none of the minor, or per-

sonal transactions, are contradicted by authentic records. The novelist must have a licence to fill up and embellish, otherwise he will be sunk to the level of a mere chronologist, and never will be able to produce a fascinating tale. He must not, however, in his representations go out of keeping; he must be consistent not only with what is naturally probable, but what is historically so. Hence it is that the historical novel is of greater dignity than that which is altogether fictitious. It requires as much fancy in the colouring of its pictures; it demands more contrivance in the adaptation of its parts; and it evinces infinitely more judgment in the preservation of its consistency.

That the forthcoming work of our historical novelist excels in all these respects, we hesitate not to express our conviction. It has given us a view of a singularly interesting portion of our early annals, in a light more striking, vivid, and impressive than we ever derived from any other source. In our review of his former work, we said, that he seemed well acquainted with the human heart, and possessed great power over its various emotions. In the present, he has lost nothing of his claims to that character. If there were few who could read of the misfortunes and the firmness of Maria Frazier, without loving and admiring her, we believe that there are still fewer who will contemplate the affecting picture of the sorrows and the virtues of the heroine of the present work, without similar feelings.

Without revealing more of the story than we, at present, consider to be proper, we cannot possibly convey to our readers a just idea of that discrimination and consistency of character, which is so well maintained throughout the work. There is one particular, however, which we cannot forbear noticing, in which, perhaps, this novel has the advantage of its precursor; namely the diversity and striking contrasts of its scenes. It is true, that in "*The Wilderness*" we have the social life of Philadelphia contrasted with the simplicity of the Fraziers, and the rudeness of the Indians. But, in the "*Annals of the Housatonic*," the contrasts are still stronger; the manners of the court of William III. are opposed to those of the New-England puritans, and their savage neighbours. But the book is on the eve of publication, and we must not diminish the pleasure which, we are persuaded, the reader will derive from its perusal, by taking from any of its scenes the charm of novelty.

Many have supposed, that the actions and characters of our forefathers were incapable of having the hues of romance thrown over them. It was, therefore, believed that our early annals were unsuited to the charms belonging to this species of writing. But the potency of genius requires neither the aid of feudalism, nor of chivalry, to endow a country or a people with romantic attractions; and the literary stranger, who shall in future visit the "Field of Braddock," or the "haunts of the Housatonic," will, we doubt not, feel a buoyancy of step, and a throb of enjoyment as if he trod on classic ground.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONVERSAZIONE.

I often call at the house of my friend madame —, who has a pair of beautiful daughters unmarried, and divers lovely grand-daughters, all young and sprightly. J—a is my favourite; she is lovely as the morning, her figure good, and her face like that of Calypso herself. M—— is vivacious and agreeable, and pretty besides. I love her dearly, because she tells me (I fear in jest,) that she is partial to me. H***** is a bewitching creature, young and artless. A slight turn in one of her eyes adds not a little to the ex-

pression of her countenance, and I love to kiss the dear little girl, [as we are old acquaintances, I do kiss her sometimes] and tell her how fond of her I am.

I stepped in the other evening to chat a little with the girls, and found J—a and M——t alone. Would that they were always alone! for to be candid, I am under a disagreeable restraint when I see some grown boy edging in and dividing their conversation with me. "What J—a," I exclaimed on entering and seeing her with an old romance in her hand, "a sensible girl like you poring over such trash?" "Why C——," she replied, "I love to become acquainted with the human heart, and I see it no where in a more just or pleasing light, than in books like these. The modern novels have no connexion with tenderness of feeling, and without that, they have no charms for me."

"You are romantic, indeed, my good girl," said I, "I guess—what do I guess?" Nothing, I fancy, that I need trouble myself about," she replied. "Indeed, think you so J—a? Why, I guess you're in love, that's all—is it not so, my dear?" "You are a simpleton," said she. "In love, really! And who pray should I love, most knowing Cavalier? I don't love you, I can tell you that for your comfort." "Whoever may be the lucky fellow J—a, I envy him from the bottom of my heart; I do indeed!" "Why you are very pathetic this evening, C——, how long is it since you dined?" "Do you insinuate?—but you know better—no matter how long Miss J—a. But love who you may, my dear, it cannot be unreturned, for J—a, the man who would not requite your good opinion a hundred fold, is too vile for this world. He must be destitute of feeling, his heart must be stone!" "You're a genius, indeed," she cried, "think you if I were in love, I would proclaim it on the housetop?" "You are in love, J—a, and I swear by my gods, he is a happy man!"

But M——t, what? reading poetry? pshaw, your heads are all turned. Where are those handsome young gentlemen that are here so often, M——t, and that one in particular who is dying for you? "Dying for me? *Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed. "Why, cruel girl, do you wish to destroy the young man? Have pity on him, and smile. Tell him you hate him not, and will try to love him." "Hold," she cried, "this trifling nonsense! tell him indeed that I will try to—why C——, what a fellow you are. Cease such prating." "Well M——t, suppose I should write sonnets to your pretty black eyes, and sigh, and look afflicted, and vow that if you will not love me, I will turn hermit, or hang myself by my cravat; suppose I should ask you to love me as much as I love you (and that is as much as I know how to love) would you not have pity on me, say?" "Why truly, C——, you seem to know something of the business of a lover; but as to loving you, why I could not do it if I were to try." "Could not, Mam'selle? Are you pre-engaged, or do you pretend that you would be doing violence to your affections in placing them on your humble servant?" "I do indeed, C——n. You will do for a quiz, but as for a husband, why the parrot would be as good." "I cry your mercy, quoth I, "retreating with my hat and gloves, "a woman's tongue is too much for me. A good night's rest, young ladies, and I hope when your most obedient steps in again, you will treat him with a little more decorum." So I started off, but I hated to leave J—a, and also M——t, for, to tell the truth, I am fond of them both.

But as for matrimony, I have no notion of thrusting my neck in a yoke, and putting myself under the orders of a shrew. So I'll praise the girls, sing songs for them, write sonnets and so forth, but continue as I am, an Independent Bachelor. C——.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 24. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The History of Faruk; a Tartarian Tale.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*An Account of the Brahman Caste of Hindoos. Part I.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres. Anecdotes of Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Biographical Notices of Russian Poets. By Von Adelung.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*A comparative View of the State of Medical Science among the ancients and moderns. By John Stearns, M.D. No. I. Improvements in Weaving. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Don Juan, canto's VI. VII. and VIII. By Lord Byron.*

POETRY.—*"Man." "To —." By Florio. "Lines Written in a Lady's Album." By "Ariel." Specimens of Russian Poetry.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We think "W. B." has been unsuccessful in his "first attempt at Song."

"My Summer House" from Norwich, is a meagre production; not worth a fraction of the postage which it cost us.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

We have received two volumes of a work, published at Edinburgh, entitled the "*Coronal*," edited by John Minnoes, Esq. of Greenock, and consisting almost entirely of American productions. We have also seen the proof-sheets of part of a third volume of the same work, to be published in 1824, the whole of which, we understand, will be exclusively devoted to our literature.

The canal boat *Gleaner*, has arrived here from St. Albans, Vermont, via Lake Champlain, with a full cargo of wheat, pot ashes, &c. being the first boat of any description that has passed into the Hudson river from Lake Champlain, through the northern canal.

There are in this state 206 incorporated manufacturing companies, whose capital stock amounts to \$20,850,500. Among which are 92 for the manufacturing of cotton and woollen goods, 36 for cotton goods only, 12 for cotton, woollen and linen goods, and 10 for glass.

The gentlemen to whom the public are indebted for a survey of the route of the Delaware and Hudson canal have completed their examinations, and pronounce the project every way practicable.

The citizens of Hartford, Con. have voted to establish a steam-boat line between that city and New-York.

A canal is spoken of to connect the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy.

A Mineral Spring, which is very highly impregnated with all the mineral qualities of the Saratoga, Ballstown and other Springs of this State, is said to have been discovered at Sag Harbour, L. I.

The jury could not agree in the case of Perez, tried in the District Court of the United States, for piracy, and were discharged. His trial must therefore come on before another jury.

MARRIED.

Lieut. Charles Ellery to Miss Matilda M. Corwell.

Mr. John Constance to Miss Eleanor D. Brower.

Mr. Andrew Thompson to Miss Sarah Ann Boyce.

Mr. Robert R. Johnson to Miss Mary S. Hatch.

Mr. Thomas Matthew to Miss Mary Cuthbert.

DIED.

Mr. James Olmstead, aged 44 years, Major D. Noon.

John Townsend, aged 59 years.

Simon Remsen, Esq. aged 75 years.

Mr. John Gafney.

Charles Alexander Findley.

Miss Betsey Platt, aged 42 years.

John Wells, Esq.

Miss Mary Ann Kenderick, aged 27 years.

Mrs. Rebecca Underhill, aged 24 years.

Mr. Orin Weed.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

THE LAIRD OF GLENDOWER.

FROM "ISABEL," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I'll sing thee a song, as a maiden should,
Where sought thou't impure discover;—
I will sing to thee in innocent mood,
Of a maiden and her lover.
The scene it is laid 'neath a northern sky,
Far, far away from us and Italy.

Young Roland was born of a warlike race,
But his birth unknown to any,
Save to an old hag,—but his worth and grace,
And valour, were known to many.
My tale is as pure as my tale is true,
I pray thee, listen attentive thereto.

Fair Helen of Lorn, was the maiden's name,
And she lov'd young Roland dearly;
So peerless her beauty, so spotless her fame,
By all she was priz'd sincerely.
With purity's self, her bosom was fraught,
More pure than Lucretia's purest thought.

Her sire was a Baron of power and might,
With a retinue strong and true;
He was calmest in peace,—foremost in fight,
And proud as the eagle, that flew
O'er the ancient castle, in which he dwelt,
Or as the Highland chief who never knelt.

He deem'd some noble his daughter should wed,
Mighty as he, renowned afar;
Rich in possessions, who never yet fled
At the sound of the trumpet of war.
But little he dream'd the fair maid of Lorn,
To Roland, her love, had long ago sworn.

On moonlight nights, when the castle was still,
The young lovers alone would meet,
And seated beside the clear rippling rill,
They whisper'd, that it murmur'd sweet.
The youth sometimes thought that its babblings told,
The maid's love though warm, might yet soon grow cold.

If a dark cloud would come, and sully the moon,
The maiden would oftentimes sigh,
And sorrowing say, that Roland's love soon
Might sicken, and totally die.
Then the youth would exclaim, "that shall never,
Though planets and stars should roll together."

One night they were met near the castle walls,
The young Roland his love had sigh'd,
Soft as the murmur when the dew-drop falls,
And Helen had kindly replied,—
Then a knock was heard at the outer gate,
And a mail'd knight stood there, importunate.

The warder cried "ho!" the stranger replied,
"Open, 'tis the baron I'd see."
The baron soon came, then loudly he cried,
"What knight waits without upon me?"
"Come he as a friend, comes he as a foe,
What token to prove his truth can he show?"

"I am one who has been at the Holy Land,
Where 'the host of the Faith' have bled;
I am one who has seen the Saracen band
By their infidel chieftains led,
With hands died in blood, and impious fir'd,
Defile the spot where our Saviour expir'd."

"Throw open thy gate, let the weary knight see,"
To the warder the baron said;
"That Scotchmen are kind, that Scotchmen are free,
And always the stranger will aid.
Scotland's the land where freedom and heather,
And valour, have their birth-place together."

The knight then stepp'd in, the host took his hand
And his welcome was true as truth,
His words were kind, his accent was bland,
And his look told that all was sooth.
Now,—the eagle-eyed baron discovers
By the moon's light, the innocent lovers.

His blood now boils, his aristocratic pride,
The fallings of prudence subdued,
Revenge fires his breast, which nothing can hide,
And quickly he flies to pursue:—
But they do not fly, for truth needs no flight,
It is guarded safe by the angels of light.

"Hell-bird!" cried the baron, "is't thus you betray
The station of trust that you hold?"
He raised up his sword—Helen knelt to pray,
But Roland stood fearless and bold.
In warmth said the baron "this is thy last hour"
"Hold!" cried the hag, "He is Laird of Glendower!"

She told that his son, at his sovereign's command,
Had muster'd his brave clan at Lorn,
And with them he went to the Holy Land
Before his son Roland was born:
Since he was heard of, long years have now fled,
Scotland believes he is captive or dead.

"Is this then my son?" the stranger knight cried,
And clasp'd close to his breast:—
"Lives thy fair mother, or O! has she died,
Haste, answer my eager bequest."
The hag told she was dead, and how from his home,
Young Roland was driven an orphan to roam.

"Who art thou who know'st so much?" "I'm Mabell,"
"Mabell! who nurs'd me when a child.
Thou art so chang'd by age I could not tell,
'Twas thou my infant hours beguil'd;"
She told the knight, "for years I've watch'd thy boy,
'Twas all my care, and 'twas my only joy."

There's mirth in the hall, and there's glee without,
The maidens are all robed in white,
And merrily now the cup goes about,
And happy is the stranger knight—
E'en the baron himself enjoys the hour,
And Helen is bride to the Laird of Glendower. ALPHA.

TO AUTUMN.

Come, pensive Autumn, with thy clouds and storms,
And falling leaves, and pastures lost to flowers;
A luscious charm hangs on thy faded forms,
More sweet than Summer in her loveliest hours,
Who, in her blooming uniform of green,
Delights with natively continued joy:
But give me Autumn, where thy hand hath been,
For there is wildness that can never cloy,—
The russet hue of fields left bare, and all
The tints of leaves and blossoms ere they fall.
In thy dull days of clouds a pleasure comes,
Wild music softens in thy hollow winds;
And in thy fading woods a beauty blooms,
That's more than dear to melancholy minds.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

BY KIRK WHITE.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high,
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern spoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heav'n's thou show'st thy face, oh,
Harvest Moon!

'Neath your lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes,
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the snail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh hear his humble pray'r,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blust'ring
ring whirlwind spare.

THE TON.

Have you the silly art acquired
Of lisping well? Have you admired
Your brazen phiz and foolish pace,
Which savour of the monkey race?
With waistcoat short, with blue surtout,
Cravat of black, bright wrinkled boot,
Mustaches, whiskers, whirlpool hair,
The raving maniac's thoughtless stare?
If you have not these follies caught,
You will not of the ton be thought.

When from your toilette flourish'd out,
To mingle with the motley rout,
Or with a switch in glove-clad hand,
At the hotel to take your stand;
To bite your lips, your nails, and read
The news of pugilists and breed;
If you have never learnt to fling
The dice, the cue, the ball, the ring,
You must be fleeced, and pawn'd, and drill'd,
Before you in the ton are skill'd.

Sell your estates and take a suit
Of rooms, or mortgage and be mute;
Frequent the dashing circles, drink
For ever;—learn to leer and wink;

Consume your reason by degrees,
And folly will revive with ease;
Waste all your time and wealth in vice,
Think nothing good but high in price;
And then by real experience brought
Too late, you'll of the ton be thought.

SONG.

Oh, sweet is the gale that blows over the sea
When the cinnamon groves are in bloom,
But the breeze that shall wait back my lover to me
Will be fraught with a richer perfume.
Oh, I'll fly to his heart—to his lips—
To be press'd in joy's exquisite bloom,
As the fond star Rehin, when past the eclipse,
Rejoiceth her well beloved moon.
Return then, my darling, and by the clear rills,
Where the blue lotus springs, let us rove;
Like a sandal-tree rent from its own native hills,
I languish, bereft of my love!
To you there are many like me—
But to me there is no one like you—
As the moon many groves of sweet night flowers may see,
But the night-flow'r's one moon only view.

LITERARY TRIFLING.

"Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde, corder trois cordons il accorde;
Mais si un des cordons, de la corde décorde,
Le cordon décordant fait décorder la corde."

The above French lines thus whimsically translated and twisted, by Dr. John Wallis—

When a twister untwisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist be three twines doth untwist:
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

(And afterwards added four others.)

Untwisting the twine, that untwisted between,
He twists with his twister, the two in a twine,
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

(And afterwards.)

The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were untwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twist the twain, intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisting the twister, makes a twist of the twine

APOSTROPHE TO GRANDMAA'S NOSE.

Delightful organ of the human frame!
Aonian hill! through whose fine arches stray
The breathings of sweet dreams: to hear thee play,
Methinks thou art an instrument of fame,
Excelling creaking hinges, chimneys' sounds,
The oboe's upper notes, the bagpipe's groans,
The clarion's voice, or raven's deeper tones:
Or trees, when Boreas goes his northern rounds;
O! when the midnight scene is dark and chill,
And curtains close us in our chorded bed,
What intonations thy large nostrils fill!
I own their charm, e'en now I feel a thrill
That keeps me watchful as a nurse, instead
Of sleep:—I count the passing snores—my will,
Cecilia! yields to thee, till night has fled.

Epitaph.

Epitaph, on a Gentleman whose Name was Hatt.

By Death's impartial scythe was mown
Poor Hatt—he lies beneath this stone;
On him misfortune oft did frown,
Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a crown;
When many years of constant wear
Had made his beaver somewhat bare,
Death saw, and pitying his mishap,
Has given him here a good long nap.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Wife.
PUZZLE II.—A husband.
PUZZLE III.—Because he was born on the
29th of February.
PUZZLE IV.—Because the bed won't come to
us.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
What word is there of five letters, which, by
taking away two, leaves one?

II.
Why is a master whipping his boy for telling a
falsehood like the god of music?

III.
Why is the letter D like a sailor?

IV.
What is that which is used once in a minute,
and not in a thousand years?

V.
What does a man fall against when he falls out
of a two-story window?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1565 Mary Queen of Scots married Henry Lord Darnley.
1567 Henry Lord Darnley murdered by persons unknown; the odium thrown on the Queen. She was afterwards forced or seduced by the Earl of Bothwell, whom she married. Her subjects then imprisoned and deposed her, for raising her son to the throne.
— Religious wars continued in France.
1568 The Queen of Scots was obliged to flee into England, where she was imprisoned.
1568 The Protestants of Germany supported the Huguenots in France.
— The exercise of the Protestant religion tolerated in the Low Countries.
1569 Conference at York and Westminster, on the affairs of Queen Mary, which ended in nothing.
1570 Murray, regent of Scotland, murdered.
1571 Civil war in Scotland.
1572 The Huguenots massacred at Paris, on St. Bartholomew's-day.
— The Duke of Norfolk executed for proposing to marry the Queen of Scots.
1573 The Dutch, under the Prince of Orange, laid the foundation of their republic.
— Henry, brother of the French King Charles, was elected King of Poland.
1574 Death of Charles IX. His brother Henry returned from Poland to succeed him.
1575 Henry III. caused his brother the Duke of Alençon to be arrested; but the Prince making his escape, joined the Huguenots with Condé.
1576 Death of the Emperor Maximilian II. His son Rodolph II. succeeded.
— Henry III. of France defeated a great conspiracy; granted favourable terms to the Protestants, which occasioned the famous league that finally obliged him to recall the edict, so advantageous to the Huguenots. Great pestilence at Milan.
— The Earl of Essex died in Ireland, suspected to be poisoned by the Earl of Leicester.
1577 Persecution of the Papists by Queen Elizabeth.
— The Archduke Matthias, not succeeding as Governor of the Netherlands, returned to Germany.
1578 Sebastian, King of Portugal, taken and killed by the Moors in Africa. Cardinal Henry, his grand uncle succeeded.
1579 The Prince of Orange made Stadtholder of the Dutch States.
1580 Philip II. of Spain, took possession of Portugal, on the death of Henry.
— English Popish colleges established at Rome, Rheims, and elsewhere.
1582 Pope Gregory XIII. altered the calendar, which caused the difference of ten days between the old and the new style.
1583 King James, of Scotland, made his escape from the Earl of Gowrie and other conspirators.
1584 The Prince of Orange assassinated at Delst. Prince Maurice, his brother, one of the greatest generals, succeeded him.
1585 Queen Elizabeth sent aid to the Dutch. Sir Francis Drake plundered St. Domingo; took Carthage; arrived in Florida and Virginia, whence he brought home a colony in distress, sent thither by Sir Walter Raleigh.
1586 Babington's conspiracy for the deliverance of the Scottish Queen, for which he was executed.
— Mary, Queen of Scots, sentenced to death by English judges.
1587 The execution of Queen Mary ordered by Elizabeth, and performed at Fotheringhay Castle.
— Battle of Coutras, where the Huguenots were victorious, under Henry, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France.
1588 The Invincible Armada of Spain, dispersed by storm on the English coast, and destroyed by Sir Francis Drake.
— The Guises having taken possession of Paris at the head of the league, they barricaded the streets against the King's troops. King Henry III. repaired to Chartres. The Duke and Cardinal of Guise were murdered by order of the King. Mayenne, another brother of Guise, put himself at the head of the league. Henry III. called the King of Navarre to his aid.
1589 Death of Catherine of Medicis, Queen Dowager of France.
— The Duke of Mayenne being master of Paris, Henry, King of Navarre, came to assist Henry III. to besiege the city.
— King Henry was assassinated by a friar named Clement. Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, succeeded.
1590 King James VI. of Scotland, married Ann, Princess of Denmark.

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